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J. W. ROBERTS,

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Selected Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, a blushing child, with hair as golden,
And blue of summer morning in his eyes,
And cheeks aglow with blushes of new love,
Sees old things new, with ignorant surprise;
To-morrow, he knows the songs they sing in
Paradise.

To-day, a youth, in pride of early manhood,
With light of far-off hope upon his brow,
With eager expectation of the coming,
And wild impulse of the loitering now;
To-morrow, he hath touched the throne at which
the angels bow.

To-day, she stands beside the bridal altar;
All joy and promise round about her shine;
All truth is in the heart of him she loveth,
And her pure faith makes bright the flower-
wreath above.

To-morrow, hark! a fairer bridegroom, maiden,
Must be thine.

To-day, an old man lingers in his sadness;
Great griefs have dug deep furrows in his
cheeks;

A cold grave with the long-age departed,
In shimmering words, is all the boon he seeks;
To-morrow, with unfading lips, the joy of heav-
en he speaks.—Christian Inquirer.

Selected Sketch.

THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

A CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

"That, sir, that's the pet of the regi-
ment, that boy is. No skulking in him.
He don't know what fear is. They're
a brave set, the whole family—why, sir,
they're all in—father and two broth-
ers, beside himself."

The boy spoken of was a noble fel-
low in appearance, though scarcely six-
teen years of age, large, erect, with
bold, sparkling black eyes, dark com-
plexion, and an unusually frank and
pleasing expression of countenance. I
had been attracted towards him by
some resemblance I fancied I saw be-
tween him and a son of my own, whom
I had not seen for several months—
Wherever he went he seemed treated
with marks of peculiar deference. I
immediately entered into conversation
with him.

"You have seen some fighting, I be-
lieve," I said.

"Yes, sir, five battles."

"And were you never wounded?"

"Yes, sir," and turning up his coat
sleeve, he displayed a deep red scar
just above the wrist. "Your father and
brothers, I think I heard, were in the
service?"

"Yes, sir, my father is captain of
Co. A; my brother George is first lieut-
enant, and Henry is sergeant. He's
only three years older than I am."

"Have they all been in battle, too?"

"In the same ones that I have, sir."

"And in what capacity do you
serve?"

"Oh, sometimes as orderly, some-
times as drummer; anything that I can
do best at the time."

"And how do you feel when you go
into a fight?"

"Really, I don't know, sir—I believe
my only feeling is fear that father or
the others will be killed. When they
come out safe, sir, I'm the happiest
fellow you ever saw."

At that moment a soldier accosted
him. He held in his hand a small black
bottle, and asked the boy if he would
like a taste, I having gone a little one
side.

"Thank you," said the boy, "I'll
take a little," and from a small tin
tumbler he had about him, the boy
drank what I should consider quite a
draught. It troubled me. In imagination
I saw that handsome young face
red and bloated—the tongue stammer-
ing under the pressure of the accused
stimulant, the hands shaking, the eyes
watery and inflamed.

A moment after he joined me again.
"Oh, what!" was my troubled ques-
tioning, "what shall I do to save this
fair, brave young lad?" My very
heart ached as I thought of it.

"How do the men generally go into
battle?" I asked. "In good spirits?"

"Almost always," was the reply.

"Some poor fellows have a mistaken
notion that drinking whiskey before
they fight gives them greater courage."

"The soldiers, nearly all drink, sir,"
was his quick reply.

"I am sorry to hear that," I said.

"Why, don't you think they should
have something to cheer them?" he
asked, apparently surprised.

"If the cause they are fighting for is
not enough to inspire them, I do not
know what is," I replied.

"Do you think it is wrong, then, for
the soldiers to drink?"

"I think it is a terrible habit for any-
body, soldier or civilian." He looked
thoughtful.

"I never tasted ardent spirit till I
came here," he said. "I don't know
as I do now, because I like it, but it
seems to please the men."

"Have you a mother?"

"Oh yes—his eyes brightened—I
get letters from her every week."

"Are you her youngest son?"

"Yes, sir, we are all three here—I am
the youngest."

"Would she approve of your drink-
ing, do you believe?" His counte-
nance fell in a moment.

"I don't quite think she would, sir."

"My dear boy, are you afraid to act
as your mother would counsel you?" I
asked.

"But the soldiers would think strange,
and take it hard of me, if I refused
them."

"Did you ever see a man or boy who
was not honored for doing right?" I
asked him. "I perceive that in the
regiment you are a great favorite. You
have won a name for courage and
courage. Now, suppose you add to
these the high principle of being afraid
to do what you know is helping to ruin
the souls and bodies of men? Think
for a moment what an influence you
would exert upon these soldiers, here,
many of whom have tender consciences.
How much better than to encourage
them in such an evil practice, for evil it
is, and only evil—as you must see often
from its consequences."

"We have had some trouble, sir, from
the use of liquor," he said frankly.

"What argument can I use," I per-
sisted, "to induce you to drop the habit
yourself? It is an evil, insidious foe,
that decks its victim with flowers while
it poisons him. Before men know it
they are content to sit down passively
under its deadening influence. You
are very young, and it is the time to
form good, pure principles and good
habits; I think you would have greater
influence than you have even now.
Not a soldier here, drunk or sober, but
would think the better of you if
you would but take this noble step."

"But what shall I do, sir?"

"Resolve never to taste that fearful
poison. I will not say anything now
upon the inducements you might hold
out to others. I want to save you, for
strong as you may feel in your self-
made resolutions, my dear boy, you may
fall. I have seen many a lad, as
bright and beloved as you, sink into a
drunkard's grave. Resolve—God will
bless you, and your mother will love
for it."

He looked down as he walked. His
cheeks were flushed—his conscience
evidently approved of the pointed ad-
vice I had given him.

"You are very kind, sir," he said, as
he looked up, "to take so much interest
in my welfare. I'll think of it, and if
I see you to-morrow, let you know."

On the morrow I saw him, but it was
in the midst of smoke, fire and carnage.
It was when I knelt by gasping men
to hear their last messages ere the
brave blood they had so nobly shed had
left the warm chambers of their hearts
forever. Late in the afternoon I was
called to a captain who was frightfully
mangled by a shell.

"Friend," he said, with difficulty, "I
am dying. I make three boys fatherless,
if they are yet living." I inquired his
name—it was that of the pet of the regi-
ment. "Poor boy, his father!" I
signed.

"Do you know my boy, my Ernest?"
he gasped.

"Yes, I know him."

"Then if you meet with him—give
him this letter. It is from one he will
never again see, in this life. Tell him
to be a better man than I have ever
been. I die, and with one great cry
of anguish, he threw himself forward
and was gone."

"Poor boy," I thought, "lately so full
of hope and joy, this is the first blow."
All day long and all night, too, I
ministered to the dying. Many a time,
as I listened to the words of love and
tenderness, my heart trembled almost
bursting with sympathy and agony.

"I shall leave a poor little orphan
child alone in the world," said one.

"God will be father and mother to it,
my friend," was my attempt at comfort.
"Yes, yes—but still she will be a
poor little orphan," was the sad re-
sponse.

"Oh, if God would only spare me to
my little family!" groaned another. "I
was all their help, all their dependence.
O my wife! my babes! who shall con-
sole them?"

"I am the last one left to my mother,
and now I must die, and not even ask
her to forgive me," moaned a sturdy,
red-faced man, who laid there with
both legs shot off, and a frightful wound
in the head.

Another would feebly strive to lift to
his lips the miniature of wife or child.
Oh, how many have I aided to perform
this touching, tender rite, by guiding
the cold and half-paralyzed fingers.

"Please take that ring off—you will
send it—her name is inside"—was the
last exclamation of a handsome young
man as he put his cold hand in mine.

"My wife is here, here," whispered
another as with a heavenly smile he
crossed both hands on his breast, his
lips stiffening the while. I thought he
meant to express the affection which he
cherished for her in his heart, but on
moving the locked fingers, there, just
under the red and clotted shirt, was
the photograph of a young and beau-
tiful woman, in a little morocco case hung
round his neck by a slight cord of
silver.

"Mother will miss me," was the only
cry of a young man scarce eighteen,
and the tear brimming up to the lid,
the quivering lip, were too much for
me. I knelt down by him, my forti-
tude all gone, and weeping like a child.
But there was no need—ere the tear
had dried or the lip ceased its quivering,
he was gone to tenderer care than that
of a mother.

I have often wondered, as I moved
from scene to scene, each more dread-
ful than the last, how the brain could
bear the repeated encounter with the
worst forms of agony, how the heart
could suffer the constant strain of sym-
pathy upon its delicate nerve and not
burst. I have said to myself—"Can I
witness this anguish, helpless to relieve,
many moments longer?" And yet when
the imploring eye turned toward me,
dimming and darkening in death, it
might be something—perhaps some-
thing strong, angel, has claimed me to that
bed of suffering till the last convulsive
throb has ceased forever.

But I am wandering from my story.
My next impulse was to find my noble
young soldier. I had heard that he
was not wounded, but a messenger
came to me in great haste, saying that
Ernest was in the hospital—a great
square burn that had been converted to
that service, and had sent for me. I
soon found myself in the midst of an-
other scene of horror. I saw my boy
lying on a heap of straw which was
covered with a coarse cloth. His face
was frightfully pale—traces of deadly
anguish convulsing his features.

"O Mr. —!" he cried, "drawing his
breath with spasmodic violence—they
are all gone. My father, my brothers;
Oh, what shall I do?"

"My poor boy!" I said, my tears
denying me further voice.

"How cruel—how cruel!" he sobbed
—"not to leave me one—only one!"

I opened my arms and gathered him
to my bosom, striving by the magnet-
ism of sympathy, to soothe his anguish
somewhat. He lay quite still, but his
panting sobs shook my whole frame.
I thought of my own boy, and if ever
I prayed for the fatherless, if ever I
looked hold of Heaven by faith, it was at
that sad moment. When he could bear
it, I spoke to him. He said that he
was wounded in the foot—he wished it
had only been through his heart.

"No, my dear boy," I said, "God has
spared you for some good purpose—be
thankful. You have your mother left."

"My mother!" he cried. "Oh, what
a dream I had last night. Yes, yes, I
remember it now. I thought I had
told her all that you had said—and she
advised me to do as you suggested—
then all at once I saw she was an angel.
O poor mother! the news will kill her."
I thought me of the letter given
me by the captain, and I took it out li-
tely thinking what news it contained.

He read it—gave me one wild look,
that seemed almost a reproach, and fell
back senseless on his head. I snatch-

ed the letter up, and a perusal of the
two first lines, "When you read this,
dear husband, the hand that penned it
will be cold in death," and I saw at
the bottom the trembling signature of
the wife and mother, I wondered not
that the dreadful news, coming at such
a moment had deprived him of life, for
we thought him dead for some mo-
ments, and when at last he gave signs
of reviving, I trembled for the conse-
quences of returning recollection.

Poor child! I never shall forget the
wan, unearthly look with which he re-
garded me, when our efforts had proved
successful. He caught my hand and
held it with a trembling grasp for hours,
and at any time I essayed to move,
the tears would run down his cheeks.
For days he lay in a kind of stupor,
the mind deadened by the dreadful
blow; the senses scarce taking cogni-
zance except of my presence. Once in
a while, if I offered it, he would taste
food, but take it from no one else. His
recovery was slow—for weeks together
he never left his bed. One morning,
just after daylight, I was sent for in
haste. I supposed my little soldier
was dying, but no. There he sat, up-
right in his bed, his cheeks scarlet, his
lips parted in glad smiles.

"O chaplain!" he cried, regardless of
who was about him, "get right down
on your knees, and praise God for me.
My mother is alive, and one of my
brothers who they told me was killed—
the eldest one—was taken prisoner, is
released, and coming to see me to-day.
O chaplain! won't I be good now? I
cried, the tears falling like rain. "O
what shall I say to God to thank him?"

There were rejoicings all through the
large hospital. One poor dying fellow
turned his face round and whispered a
"Thank God."
The letter was in my hand. It had
been delayed two weeks. It seemed
that when the mother wrote last, she
was to undergo a painful operation, from
which she had a presentiment she
should not recover. But all had passed
off well, and she bade fair to live
many years longer. The effect of such
joyful news was an almost instantaneous
recovery from depression and illness. I
look that occasion to impress the great
principles of truth upon the grateful
heart of the boy, and through God's
help I was successful. Ernest has
been home with his brother, since, to
visit his mother, but he will not desert
the post of duty. He is now back
again, a young, happy, high-toned
Christian, an enemy to grog-cup, and
to all vices that demoralize the camp.
But though strict in the observance of
every duty, frank to condemn sin, and
quick to defend his principles, he is
more than ever the idol of the soldiers,
and the pet of the regiment.—Watch-
man and Reflector.

Miscellaneous.

A Noble Band.

The Harrisburg correspondent of the
Press, of this city, has the following
account of a band of heroes who march-
ed to defend our State from the rebel
invaders.

"But an incident occurred here to-
day that I wish to record; it is worthy
the pen of a poet. I was just about to
commence this letter, when I heard the
sound of a drum and fife. Looking out
of the window, I saw a small company
of men marching up the street, and bear-
ing three colors; one a small, worn and
tattered flag, and the others new and
fresh. As they approached nearer, I
discovered that they were very old men,
and my curiosity being excited, I ran
out, and followed them to the Capital,
whither they were marching. And
here is what I learned:

"They were sixteen in all—members
of the Soldiers' Association of 1812, of
Harrisburg. The oldest was seventy-
six and the youngest sixty-eight. Ev-
ery man had served in the war of 1812,
and all belonged to a regiment com-
manded by General Foster, who has
lately died, and who is remembered
with respect and affection as one of the
best citizens of this County. They
were reviewed by Gen. Scott, at Balti-
more, after he was wounded. He rode
up and down the ranks with his arm in
a sling. The tattered flag was borne
by a Pennsylvania regiment at the bat-
tle of Trenton, 1777, and has been cher-
ished in Harrisburg ever since that time.
These veterans marched up to the Gov-
ernor's room and tendered their ser-
vices for the emergency. They wished
to be put behind in reinforcements, but if
any other and harder service was re-
quired of them, they would cheerfully

attempt it. In a few appropriate words
they addressed the Governor, and he
accepted them. The only favor they
asked was to be armed with the old flint-
lock muskets, such as they used to carry
when they were young.

"It was a grand, inspiring sight!—
those old men, scarcely hoping to live
through the war, their locks white with
the frosts of many winters, their frames
bowed by age and long toil in the jour-
ney of life, marched as briskly and ac-
curately, to the drum and fife, as any
of their grandsons could. They seem-
ed almost carried back to the old time,
so inspiring was the occasion. When
they came out of the Governor's room
they marched according to the old fash-
ion, in single file. They were halted
on the green. It was curious to mod-
ern ears to hear the order of the captain
—so different from our tactics. It was:
"By sections of two, march;" instead of
"file right" or "left," it was "right" or "left
wheel;" instead of the sharp, short, per-
emptory "front," it was "left face." So
they marched down in the town, carry-
ing the old tactics of the Revolution
with them. They kept their places, and
kept step and obeyed orders with a
precision, that showed that the drill
they had gone through in those stirring
times had gone, not merely to the ear,
but to the heart. Whenever they passed
a squad of soldiers they were loudly
cheered—"Three cheers for the veter-
ans of 1812," and such lusty shouts as
split the heavens you never heard.—
They were observed by every one, and
some would ask who they were. The
bowed forms, their grey heads, and the
small and decayed ensign, told the
whole."—Christian Instructor.

A Heroine.

A splendid revolver worth one hun-
dred dollars is to be presented to Miss
Schwartz, the heroine mentioned in the
following order:

Hog's Dist. Cent'l Missouri.)
Jefferson City, Aug. 9, 1863.
Gen'l ORDER No. 42.—On the night
of the 6th inst., a party of bushwhack-
ers, some three in number, visited the
house of Mr. Schwartz, about 12 miles
from Jefferson City, in Cole county, and
on demanding admittance, they were
relayed by Miss Schwartz, a young la-
dy of fifteen. They replied they would
come in at the same time trying to break
down the door. While this was going
on, the other inmates of the house, viz:
Mr. Schwartz, John Wise, Capt. Gold-
en, Government Horse dealer, and a
young man in his employ, all left tak-
ing with them (as they supposed) all
the arms and ammunition. In their hat-
ty retreat they left behind a revolver,
which Miss Schwartz appropriated to
her own use. She went to the door,
and on opening it, presented the pistol
to the leader of the gang, telling them
to "come on if they wanted to, and that
some of them should fall, or she would
try to leave the door. She replied: "The
first one who takes one step towards
this door dies, for this is the house of
my parents, and my brothers and sis-
ters, and I am able to, and shall defend
it." Seeing that she was determined in
her purpose, after holding a consulta-
tion together, they left.

The order then goes on to ex-
press the bravery of the young lady, and
to denounce the "miserable cowards
who deserted her in the hour of danger,
flying from the house and leaving her
to her fate," as deserving "the scorn and
contempt of the community." By order of
BAG. GEN. BROWN.

Anecdote of General Grant.

We find the following in the Detroit
Free Press:

"A gentleman of this city, who was
an early friend of General Grant, fur-
nishes the following reminiscences of the
brave General who has so inseparably
linked his name with the victories of
the Western armies:

"General Grant is of a Methodist
family of Ohio, and married the daugh-
ter of a Methodist local preacher, and
the grand-daughter of the pioneer of
Methodism in Pennsylvania, by the
name of Wrenshall. When not much
over twelve years of age he was at
school, and had a school fellow, his own
natural cousin, whose parents were
British subjects in Canada. Young
Grant was taught to forgive injuries, as
a Divine precept, and to do good, and
not evil to others, and his father had
impressed his mind with love of coun-
try and reverence for the name of Wash-
ington. The Canadian had been other-
wise educated, and believed Washington
a rebel. On one occasion a discussion
arose between the boys as to love of
country and duty to a king, when John
said: 'U. S.' (Grant had been nick-
named U. S.) your Washington was a
rebel, and fought against his king."
Grant replied, Jack you must stop
that or I will flog you. I can forgive
your abusing me, but if you abuse our
Washington I'll off cut and fight, tho'
you are cousin Jack, and mother may
lick me for not forgiving." The boys
fought, Jack got the worst of it, but
U. S. was about being whipped at home
for fighting, when his father interposed
and saved him, saying "The boy who
will fight for Washington will prove
himself a man and a Christian, if God
spares him twenty years."

"Some few years ago the boys now
men grown, met in Canada, and recur-
red to school days. Jack said: 'U. S.,
do you remember the licking you gave
me for calling Washington a rebel?'
"Yes, I do, and I'll do it again under
like provocation. Washington is my
idol, and to me it is more insulting to
speak disrespectfully of Washington or
my country than to denounce myself.
Mother's maxim does very well in pri-
vate quarrels, but it don't apply where
one's country is denounced, or its gods.
Washington is first in the American
pantheon, and I couldn't rest easy if I
permitted any abuse of his name."
"Such was and is 'Unconditional
Surrender Grant.'"

The Original Copperhead.

From Benedict Arnold's Proclamation
to the Citizens and soldiers of the Uni-
ted States; issued Oct. 28, 1789:

You are promised liberty by the lead-
ers of your affairs, but is there an in-
dividual in the enjoyment of it, saving
your oppressors? Who among you
dare speak or write what he thinks
against the tyranny which has robbed
you of your property, imprisoned your
sons, drags you to the field of battle,
and is daily deluging your country with
your blood?

Your country once was happy, and
had the proffered peace been embraced,
the last two years of misery had been
spent in peace and plenty, and re-
pairing the desolation of a quarrel that
would have set the interests of Great
Britain and America in a true light,
and cemented their friendship.

I wish to lead a chosen band of
America to the attainment of peace,
liberty and safety, the first object in
taking the field.

What is America but a land of
widows, orphans and beggars—but
what need of arguments to such as
feel infinitely more misery than tongue
can express? I give my promise—
most-esteemed welcome to all who are
disposed to join me in measures neces-
sary to peace until we are content with
the liberality of the parent country who
will offer us protection and perpetual
exemption from all taxes but such as
we shall think fit to impose upon our-
selves.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Mrs. Catharine Starr, formerly of the
North, but residing with her family at
Yazoo City when the rebellion broke
out, has just escaped from the barbari-
ties of a rebel imprisonment. One of
her sons was killed for refusing to serve
in the rebel army. Her husband left
to avoid arrest and confiscation of his
property. Two sons escaped North,
and on a charge of having secured them
from the conscript officers, and for her
loyalty, she was arrested and thrown in
prison at Yazoo City. She escaped the
prison and attempted to make her way
up to the gunboat fleet in the Missis-
sippi in a "dog out," and had proceeded
over 100 miles, when she was re-arrested
and imprisoned at Jackson. She was
set at liberty when that place was first
occupied by our troops under Grant,
and then entered the hospital to attend
the Federal wounded. Her expressions
of delight at the arrival of the Union
army were noted by rebels, and when
our troops were withdrawn and the
place re-occupied by the rebels, she was
placed a prisoner to Richmond, and there
finally liberated and sent North.

John Morgan's friends in Kentucky
complain that he is not properly treated,
in being set to work in the Ohio peni-
tentiary. They say it is a great outrage.
The Louisville Journal comforts them
by reminding them that Colonel Wood-
ruff, of Kentucky, and his companions,
who were for a long time prisoners at
Richmond, were forced to stem tobacco,
and were kept very hard at work,
at that. In those days, it appears, John
Morgan's friends used to laugh at Col.
Woodruff having got to be a tobacco
stemmer. [The 'boot is on the other
leg' now, and it fits uncomfortably close.
Let it pinch the corns.]

Gen Meade has been claimed as a
Democrat and a Catholic. He is nei-
ther. He and his family have always been
Whigs, and he is a member of the Prot-
estant Episcopal church, and has a fam-
ily pew in St. Mark's Church, Philadel-
phia. He was opposed to the agitation
of the slavery question before the war,
but is now an earnest supporter of the
whole war policy of the administration,
like Grant, Rosecrans, Burnside, But-
ler, and other conservatives.

One of the facts revealed by the in-
formation collected by the bureau of
military statistics, Albany, New York,
is, that Gen. Halleck is a native of Wat-
terville, Oneida county, N. Y., and that
his grandfather, Jabez Halleck, is now
a resident of that town, and in the one
hundred and third year of his age.

Until recently, the bonnet, or the
microscopic apology for it, worn by the
ladies, was called the "Kiss-me-quick."
The new style, which falls more away
from the cheeks, is an improvement on
the old one, an attractive inducement
to lip calisthenics, and is charmingly
entitled the "Nothing-to-hinder-you."

Farm and Household.

Strawberry Beds.

When the season for this fruit is over,
the first thing to be done is to spade up
alternate strips and to weed out the
plants. A good way to do this is to
take a board, fourteen to sixteen inches
wide, lay it on the ground, and draw-
ing the first strip of plants that are
to be retained; at the edge of this, turn
under two widths of the spade, cutting
down close to the edge of the board with
the spade, so as to make the lines straight
and workmanlike. When this is com-
plete, lay the board on the next strip
of plants, and in this way until the
whole is completed. In the next place
take a steel rake and thoroughly pul-
verize and rake smooth the spaded strips,
and take all the weeds out from among
the old plants. This is all the culture
we give our beds up to this time. We
never disturb them after the spring
opens, until the fruit is ripe, when it
is gathered. The weeding of the beds
we think injurious to the growing plant.
It is seldom that we need to dress over
the beds, as the plants take such a pos-
session of the soil that the weeds have
little chance to make a lodgment. White
clover, blue grass, and sorrel, are the
worst to contend with. After the ground
is frozen in the winter, a light covering
of litter with some well rotted manure,
completes the season's work. Thus,
reader, you have our secret of straw-
berry culture, by which we always have
an abundant supply of this delicious
and health-giving fruit.

The whole process is simple and easy
to be performed, and will not make the
fruit on the vines cost over fifty cents
a bushel. The picking is worth two
and a half to three cents a quart addi-
tional. This makes the total cost less
than six cents a quart, leaving a very
fair profit at present prices to such of
the junior members of the farmer's fam-
ily who have the enterprise and good
taste to attend to it.

We are surprised as year after year
rolls on, that the farmers' tables are not
better supplied with this fruit in its
season. The mystery that was supposed
to surround the culture of the straw-
berry is now dispelled, and the process
so simple that failure is out of the ques-
tion. Of course, the quantity and qual-
ity will vary according to the season,
but of failure there need be no appre-
hension. It has not been our aim to
grow this fruit for market, but we gen-
erally sell enough to pay the expense
of the whole crop. The best time to
set out new beds is in May, but it can
be done during a wet time in July and
August. But these new beds must be
well protected by a covering of straw
or other coarse litter.—Illinois Farmer.

Preparing Tomatoes.

There are two species in use with
us, the red and yellow, and several va-
rieties of the red. These are excellent
in stews, soups, and sauces, as a flavor-
ing material. They are used as saucers,
are preserved in sugar, and pickled.—
They are in general estimation. Sliced
eight tomatoes with hot water; when
cool, skin them, and put them to stew
with salt and pepper. After stewing
slowly an hour and a half, add half a
great spoonful of butter, and two spoon-
fuls of bread crumbs, and stew five min-
utes. This is the mode in common use.
Or, after skinning the tomatoes, cut
them in halves around the middle. Fill
the bottom of the dish with them, cut
side up. Have ready some grated bread
crumbs, seasoned with a little Cayenne,
a saltspoon